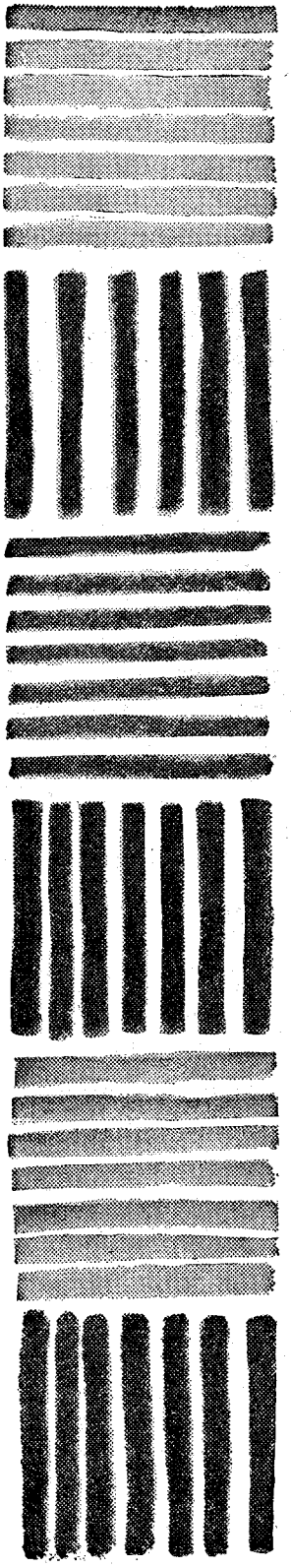
THE
NATION

February 23, 1963 . . 25c



Identical Bids

The Billion-Dollar Coincidence

Richard J. Barber

WE DON'T NEED THE DRAFT

John C. Esty, Jr.

Our Man in Paraguay

Barry M. Lando

That Cleveland Newspaper Strike

John Barden

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LETTERS

An h of a letter

Malibu, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

Your issue of 1/26
contains, 4 times, a miss that sticks*.
Indeed: *Orare* for poor Ben!—
for once, then twice, then once again
you've changed his Jonson into
Johnson.
(It is a slip that somehow haunts
one. . . .)
Quite certainly great Doctor Sam
would rumble, "Sirs, I pray you, note:
I am not that lewd and shocking
Ben!"

* * *

Let's leave them then where they
belong:
each in his era, solid, strong,
distinctive—though the passing ages
may tempt to disregard of hs!
As for the rest—I find it fine.
Attentively,

H. Arthur Klein

———

**In Harold Clurman's* Theatre, *p. 76, issue of 1/26/63.*

Peace and politics

Seattle, Wash.

Dear Sirs: Perhaps no one read Roger Hagan's excellent article "Peace at the Polls" (Feb. 2) with greater interest than I. I believe I can claim to be the dean of peace candidates, as I ran for Congress-at-large in 1952, for Congress in the First District in '54 and '62, and U.S. Senate in 1958—each time on an all-out peace platform. That fact was not the cause of my defeat in any campaign, although it cost me thousands of votes during the Cuban crisis last year.

In each of my four campaigns, two of them state-wide, I received an encouraging response and a substantial vote despite running on a modest budget and with a minimum of organization. So I take a more hopeful view than Mr. Hagan does of the palatability of the peace issue and of the chances for peace candidates to win — at least if they are up against less unbeatable names and less firmly entrenched incumbents than I have had the temerity to tackle.

It may encourage other potential peace candidates to know that I consider my campaigns an important service to the cause of peace, and one which has enriched my personal life.

Alice Franklin Bryant

New York City

Dear Sirs: I must commend you on Roger Hagan's article on the "peace" groups' political efforts. However, I do feel that one phenomenon was not sufficiently touched upon. Intellectuals in this country have been making a determined effort to become directly involved in politics. But intellectuals are not politicians and never can be.

Of course, they have their role in politics; but it is not to indulge in the art of the compromise, but to insist on the extremist positions; it is not to make speeches before mild reformers, but to pamphleteer. The failure of the intelligentsia in this country has been that they have abdicated their responsibilities as *intellectuals*, as the curators of ideas. Goodness knows we have enough intelligent men, with good heart, in the business of politics today. What these men need are not running mates, but crusading ideas and programs.

Philip Siekevitz

'Defense'

Burlington, Ia.

Dear Sirs: I liked the editorial, "Their Finest Hour," in your Feb. 2 issue—and especially the use of quotation marks around the word "defense." Very appropriate!

George A. Fink

Anti-Miller

Los Altos, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Having just read Herman P. Miller's "The American Poor" [*The Nation*, Jan. 26], I am still trying to figure the guy out. To quote Mr. Miller: "The ordinary citizen has no choice but to take the world as he finds it and to leave it that way." Wow! Thank you, Mr. Miller. All this time I have been worrying about the starving people of India and South America. I have been angry about the 12,000 American "advisers" backing Diem in South Vietnam. Now, Mr. Miller has taken away my guilt. I *am not responsible!*

He mentions the East Bronx and how the Jews fled when the Puerto Ricans moved into the area. He says, "The present Puerto Rican inhabitants . . . must surely recognize that the Jews fled for good reason. . . ." I lived on East 11th Street in Manhattan for over a year. Puerto Ricans lived above me, below me, all around me. I was never molested or bothered, perhaps because I recognized them as human beings. After a few weeks, I think they realized I was human, also.

Again I must quote Mr. Miller: "Any serious study of poverty reveals two essential facts: poverty is relative and the causes of poverty are many." Hunger, lack of dignity, is relative? Charity, home relief or a crippled beggar with his hand out is not relative. Twelve families living in one apartment in Spanish Harlem or a black family living in a shelter built of old gasoline cans in South Africa is not relative. They are the same—in essence.

Remove the learned baloney and get down to the essentials.

George Bermain

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The Nation, Feb. 23, 1963. Vol. 196, No. 8

The Nation published weekly (except in July and August, when biweekly) by The Nation Company and copyright 1963 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N.Y. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. Tel.: CH 2-8400.

Subscription Price Domestic — One year $10. Two years $18. Additional postage per year: Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required; supply old address as well as new.

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The President and His Critics

The President has gone to extraordinary lengths to stifle the Republican clamor about Cuba. On balance, Mr. McNamara's statement, backed up by the photographic evidence, is more impressive than Senator Keating's veiled allusions to uncited references and unnamed sources. Normally such reassurances as Mr. McNamara offered, backed up by the President's own statements, would suffice to quell the clamor for further and more aggressive measures. The difficulty is that the credibility of this Administration is currently at a low level, not in the sense that one can point to specific falsehoods or misstatements, but because it has espoused the policy of "news management." All governments try to manage the news to some extent, but few make an avowed policy of it. The fact that avowal is later disavowed only makes matters worse. If General Eisenhower, during his tenure as President, had stated unequivocally that he was convinced there were no medium-range missiles in Cuba, his reassurance would have been accepted. But then, in the U-2 incident, General Eisenhower pushed aside the clumsy "cover story" that had been concocted and made a frank statement of the facts in that affair. No representative of his administration made a point of saying that it was one's duty to lie for his country.

Factual evidence, photographs included, do not necessarily insure credibility or win arguments; and it is on such issues as Cuba that an administration's credibility can do itself—and the country—the most good. That is why a wise administration will husband its reputation for truthfulness.

As for those Russian troops, nothing is more likely to insure their continued presence in Cuba than the nagging of the President's critics. Implicit in these strictures is the unstated assumption that we should invade Cuba or cause it to be invaded—or, at the very least, foment an insurrection there. Under any circumstances, the Russian troops are likely to remain in Cuba for some time — and the clamor of Messrs. Keating, Thurmond, Bruce, et al., is not likely to make that time any shorter.

Our Spanish Landlord

The United States operates on Spanish soil three strategic air bases and one major naval base, plus a lesser naval installation. The *quid pro quo* for these privileges was some $1.5 billion in economic and military assistance, plus whatever the U.S. personnel at the bases spend amid their romantic surroundings. Spain has consequently accumulated foreign exchange in the amount of more than $1 billion, a fairly sizable increment to the foreign pressures on the dollar. But the Franco regime is not satisfied. Now that the leases are up for renewal (as of next September), notice has been served that the landlord purposes to raise the rent and if the tenant doesn't like it, he can just move himself somewhere else.

Of course, since there is no other prospective tenant — note a possible exception for de Gaulle's France — the landlord is not in as strong a position as he would like Uncle Sam to believe; but neither is Uncle Sam. The air bases he can do without; the enormous one outside of Madrid became obsolete before it was finished. But now that we are deploying Polaris submarines in the Mediterranean, we need a base for them. Holy Loch is obviously too far away, except as a stopgap. An Italian base might serve, but Italy has a strong Communist Party and, with elections just ahead, Premier Fanfani does not wish to stir up a hornets' nest. So Franco, though disclaiming any intention of blackmailing Uncle Sam, is in a fair position to do just that.

An indication that he thinks so may be found in the sad experience of U.S. Deputy Secretary of Defense Roswell L. Gilpatric in a current visit to Franco's domain. One would expect that with the largess which Uncle Sam has showered on the Spanish regime, it would at least turn out a color guard, play the national anthems and provide a microphone for Mr. Gilpatric to express his undying admiration for Franco and the Spanish people (many of whom have no admiration for Franco at all). Nothing of the kind. When Mr. Gilpatric tried to make appointments with four top Spanish officials, he was informed that they would be out of town or otherwise unavailable during the period of his visit.

"We have been very generous to Spain," Chairman Richard B. Russell of the Senate Armed Services Committee complains. Mr. Gilpatric's experience indicates that if we want that Polaris base, we shall have to be more generous still.

'Oil Will Continue to Flow'

Even as the shooting started in Iraq, the revolutionaries addressed these reassuring words to the West. At the moment, Abdul Karim Kassem's Minister of Oil was in Moscow, and Kassem had threatened to nationalize the huge Iraq Petroleum Company, owned by interests in the United States, the Netherlands, France and Britain. Kassem had never been popular in Washington. In matters of oil, he was hard to deal with. He was anti-Communist, but not anti-Communist enough. Nor was he loved in London: he had tried to seize Kuwait and the British had had to send an expeditionary force to stop him. Moscow had given him substantial technical aid and supplied him with arms,

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but in domestic affairs Kassem went his own way. After a series of strikes, allegedly Red-inspired, Kassem jailed reputed Reds wholesale and condemned twenty-eight Communist leaders to death.

He was no one's friend, and to some extent everyone's enemy. He had talked nationalization. No wonder, then, that when he fell none of the Western powers felt keen regret, and recognition was accorded to the Abdul Salam Aref regime before Kassem's body was cold. One reason for Washington's haste was that the new regime promised to be more anti-Communist than the deposed one. Robert R. Brunn wrote from Washington in *The Christian Science Monitor* (January 13) that the "State Department sees this anti-Communist move as so strong that any person closely associated with native Communist leadership is 'in mortal peril.'" By this time, a good many miscreants were beyond the peril stage, and the massacre was continuing. The Aref definition of a Communist was no doubt a broad one, but if a few Comsymps were among the casualties, that was no affair of the freedom-loving nations. Nor did it concern the other Arab states—Egypt, Syria, Jordan, Algeria, Morocco, Yemen, Kuwait, etc.—which fell all over themselves to extend congratulations and recognition as soon as it was clear that Aref, who had declared, "I am Kassem's son," had pulled off a successful parricide.

What was more remarkable, to old-fashioned believers in at least a simulation of Communist-doctrinal consistency, was that the Soviet Union and Communist China recognized the new regime with almost equal alacrity (though Moscow did blast at the Aref regime's propensity for shooting down Communists in the streets). The heirs of Marx and Engels, Lenin and Trotsky, have certainly come a long way from pristine communism. Possibly Khrushchev saw in the latest Iraqi revolution one of those wars of liberation he has sworn to support. But Mao Tse-tung? Here one would have thought that the ideological differences between Moscow and Peking would have led to further exacerbation, but apparently they agree on one sovereign principle: everybody loves a winner.

Explosive Clause

The Franco-German Treaty of Cooperation, signed by Adenauer and de Gaulle in Paris on January 22, contains an obscure provision which could have an explosive effect on Washington-Moscow relations. Section 111 (3) states:

> *Apart from those clauses covering defense, the present Treaty will apply also to the West Berlin area unless a declaration to the contrary is made by the Government of the German Federal Republic within three months of the entering into force of the Treaty.*

What this means is that unless, by April 22, the Federal Republic states to the contrary, West Berlin is to be considered part of West Germany for the purposes of the treaty. There can be no question that the provision represents a deliberate attempt by Adenauer and de Gaulle to test the United States. If Washington does not protest, and West Germany is permitted to look upon the Western sectors of Berlin as part of the Federal Republic, Russia's expressed fears of West German expansionism will have proved justified, and negotiations over the status of the divided city, already difficult, could become altogether impossible in very short order.

Incredibly, the provision took the Kennedy Administration by surprise; not until two weeks after the treaty was signed did anyone in Washington realize its importance. The Administration now has just about one month left in which to make it clear to Adenauer that he must reject Section 111 (3) in accordance with the option given him.

The Public Be Damned

Howard Morgan's letter to the President, in which he set forth the reasons underlying his decision not to accept reappointment to the Federal Power Commission (FPC), throws a revealing light on what has happened to this most important regulatory agency in the last two years. In the 1960 campaign, President Kennedy charged — and the charge was well grounded — that the regulatory agencies had fallen on evil days during the eight years of the Eisenhower administration, and one of his first acts as President was to ask James C. Landis to make a survey of them. In his report, Dean Landis described the FPC as the most striking example of the breakdown of the administrative process ("the most dismal failure in our time"). Normally, it would have taken some years before the Kennedy Administration would have been in a position to control the commission, since the terms of the five commissioners are staggered. But, in this instance, the President was able to name all five commissioners in the first two years of his Administration.

The big problem with the regulatory commissions, as Mr. Morgan pointed out in his letter, is not secret one-party communications, influence peddling or corruption; where these situations turn up, they can be remedied. The paramount problem is to appoint commissioners who have the character, the courage and the necessary social convictions to see to it that the public interest comes first. The regulatory agencies were not set up to promote the interests of particular industries (although the industries regulated may, and often do, benefit from competent administration); they were set up to protect the public interest. A commissioner can be honest, diligent and able, and still turn in a miserable record if he fails to keep the public interest as his paramount concern.

This is basically what is wrong with the FPC today. One of Mr. Kennedy's appointees — Lawrence J. O'Connor, Jr. — represented patronage to Vice President Johnson, the late Sam Rayburn and their friends in the oil-and-gas industry. Still another — Harold C. Woodward of Illinois — was made on the recommendation of Senator Dirksen, whose help (so the alibi ran) was needed on the trade bill and other matters. Senators Proxmire and Clark strenuously opposed the Woodward appointment, but lost the fight despite the fact that the appointment was an affront to Senator

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Paul Douglas. The Chairman of the FPC, Joseph C. Swidler, seemed to have the necessary qualifications and background, but his performance has not been inspiring. The fourth member, Charles R. Ross of Vermont, a liberal Republican, was a good appointment, but obviously two men (Ross and Morgan) cannot control the commission. In brief, the President has flubbed a fine opportunity to renovate the regulatory agency his own expert singled out as the worst example of the breakdown of the administrative process. Barring unforeseen developments, it will now be years before a similar opportunity will arise.

The New Class

Discoursing on the "unemployables," *Business Week* (February 9) finds that "today's hard core has almost hardened into a class, a small one to be sure, but significant in many respects." It is in full possession of central-city slum areas. It lives in "astonishing isolation"; its members are "social outcasts" who, for the most part, no longer look for work — they have either lost the capacity or been rebuffed so often that they have lost hope. They have few or no skills and the panacea of "retraining" has no application to most of them. They are society's castoffs.

It used to be said that capitalists liked a certain amount of unemployment, since it gave the employed more incentive to give a full day's work at a fair wage, the employer naturally being the best judge of fairness. But now, even from this comfortable standpoint, we are getting too much of a good thing. The insecurity which radiates from a permanently unemployed class is infecting the younger generation with what might be described as an unemployment phobia. In the Detroit *Free Press* (February 5), Jean Sharley relates how, when the Post Office of that city advertised sixty jobs, 20,000 applicants stormed the Federal Building. They were of all ages, but 60 per cent were under twenty. Many were high school graduates who had never worked. "I pass all the tests," said one nineteen-year-old girl, "but they never call me."

These young people were scared, and not without reason. The jobs they were seeking are not particularly desirable. Detroit's unemployment rate has gone down from 15 per cent three years ago to about 6 per cent now. But there were 20,000 of them, and sixty does not make much of a dent in 20,000. The new class of the permanently unemployed is a much closer reality to them than to the prosperous and frequently oblivious American. They are, as Under Secretary of Labor John F. Henning said recently, "haunted by technological changes which are monthly displacing 150,000 Americans from their present jobs."

The measure of their fear is that most of them are willing to work at "anything." The worker who will do "anything" usually finds himself doing nothing in a labor market where only the skilled need apply. But it is the measure of society's dilemma that it is the young, who have never been unemployed, who are most frightened; the "hard core" unemployed are, in most cases, beyond fear. As one of them said to *Business Week*: "I'm one of the unforgottables."

THE POLITICS OF APATHY

In an early issue, The Nation *will publish a provocative analysis of the American Establishment and its political and social implications.*

WE DON'T NEED THE DRAFT . . . John C. Esty, Jr.

On June 30, 1963, the Universal Military Training and Service Act will expire. It is under this authority that the government has been empowered to draft young men into the armed forces for the last four years. But no one thinks the law will quietly die; sometime this spring Congress will resume its quadrennial debate on a subject which may well surpass tax relief and welfare programs in impact on this country's future. With all the current talk about legislative programs and priorities, the Administration has been strangely quiet about Selective Service — unlike four years ago, when the draft bill was one of the first items on the agenda of the 86th Congress.

As the opponents of military conscription muster their (religious, constitutional, moral, practical and even military) arguments, manpower officials pore over demographic charts trying to determine how to man our "peacetime" garrison. If the final debate follows recent history, proponents will argue on the basis of present needs, while opponents will cite damaging, long-range effects and matters of principle. The former will have an advantage, for present needs always seem more impressive. Therefore it is important to examine the present state of military conscription and its effect on young people, why we have maintained it so long, and why and how it might be feasible to do away with it.

Under present law, every male, upon reaching his eighteenth birthday, must register with the Selective Service System. Some time later he receives a classification questionnaire by which his local board determines whether he is likely to be available for service or not. At this point, almost all young men are classified 1A — available for service — for the question of actual induction or deferment does not arise until one approaches his twenty-third birthday. The reason for this is the priority of draftable categories as they were established by Executive order: delinquents first, then volunteers, then non-volunteer non-fathers between 19 and 26 (oldest first), then fathers (in the same fashion), then men over 26 whose liability has been extended beyond that point because of a pre-

John C. Esty, Jr., Associate Dean at Amherst College and a Captain in the Air Force Reserve, will shortly become Headmaster at the Taft School.

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vious deferment, and finally those between 18½ and 19. Because there are so many eligible males and because the draft quotas are so small relative to the available manpower, the system needs reach in no further than the third category, and is operating there at about the 22½ age level.

In addition to the escape hatches evident in these priorities — that is, fatherhood, or reaching age 26 — one can make himself unavailable during the vulnerable period by *getting a deferment*: to attend school, to be a minister, to be employed in essential industry, to teach science, and to do many other things. But even before these possibilities arise, somewhere between 40 and 50 per cent of a given eligible age group have been deferred for inability to satisfy the physical and mental standards presently required for induction. So in any given year in the age level at which men are being drafted (between 22 and 23), there are relatively few men (perhaps 150,000) who are eligible, and even fewer are actually drafted (something like 100,000). The total number of males in the age group has recently averaged about 1.2 million, so obviously the draft operates on a highly selective basis. For a variety of reasons this is necessary, but it remains the fact; and it is the source of the present weakness of the Selective Service System.

This was almost exactly the situation four years ago, when I wrote in "Draft-Dodger or Patriot: The Dilemma of the College Student" (*The Nation,* January 10, 1959) that the many ways to escape the draft, and the relatively small proportion of his peers who were "hooked," eroded the sense of duty of the typical college male. Today many college students still make plans to attend graduate school prematurely in order to get deferred, today fatherhood is still hastened beyond reason (or love) to get a lower draft priority, today students are still warping their natural career bent so as to "beat the system."

There are even some new wrinkles. One enterprising young man staved off his induction by marrying a widow with three children. Apparently his lurch into instant fatherhood proved too hasty and he was divorced three months later — and then drafted. In another case, an illegitimate child, who was about to be released for adoption, was suddenly legitimatized by marriage when the father learned this would provide ground for deferment. (These stories are a bit unfair to the local boards of the Selective Service System, who labor heroically to preserve community and family continuity against impossible ambiguities; they, do however, illustrate the ambiguities.)

Twice in the last four years two major international crises arose which revealed the weakness of the draft as an instrument of national policy. In the Berlin crisis of August-September, 1961, President Kennedy mobilized a number of reserve and National Guard units, and called for an increase in military conscription. During this period, the monthly draft quotas for the whole country rose from about 8,000 to 25,000, then to 20,000 and back down to about 10,000. The effect seemed to be mainly to lower the draftable age in category three from twenty-two years, nine months to twenty-two years, three months, and to induce local boards to estimate their future potential by asking for pre-induction physical exams as much as a year earlier than before. These moves caused a flurry of concern on the part of college students, but the moment soon passed with very little lasting impact.

The other episode was the Cuban crisis last fall. Partly because the crisis had more to do with mobilizing existing combat and support forces for an operation which did not involve ground forces essentially, but also partly because Berlin had shown how ineffective increasing reserve and conscription activity really was, there was almost no change in Selective Service quotas or practice. Thus, instead of placing the country's young men in touch with the realities and immediacy of a national emergency — through the realities and immediacy of the Selective Service System — the two crises served instead to illustrate the irrelevance of the draft to national defense.

It is this aspect of our present manpower procurement program that has the most damaging long-range effect. In World War II, almost every able-bodied male in the eligible age group served in the Armed Forces, and those who didn't had a hand in national defense if only indirectly. The whole populace was absorbed in a national effort, the goals of which — however destructive and negative — were none the less clear and impelling. Not to serve, in one way or another, was to incur a kind of guilt (which is still evident today). During Korea, the goals were much less clear and the burden of national service fell to a much smaller proportion of the population. Yet despite the inequities involved, with a relative few bearing the brunt of the fighting, there was a general feeling that there was no other way of handling the emergency.

Now, ten years later, the goals of the cold war are much more diffuse and the percentage of the eligible pool of manpower which serves involuntarily is much smaller than ever before. Lebanon, Berlin, Southeast Asia and Cuba seemed to have taught that highly mobile forces already in being, rather than the resources of Selective Service, provide the military leverage we need in time of crisis. The result is that instead of feeling guilty at not serving, the young man today feels somewhat inept if he can't work out a way to avoid the draft.

When I pointed out this attitude four years ago, I was basing the observation on my experience with college students. Not only has this situation remained unchanged, but we have additional evidence now that the attitude is not limited to college-going males. In a ten-year study by the Conservation of Human Resources Project, its director, Professor Eli Ginzberg of Columbia University, concludes that the present attitudes of American youth toward military service are "an invitation to national disaster." Writing on "The Optimistic Tradition and American Youth," Professor Ginzberg suggests that most young Americans "grow up without the understanding of military obligation, with the consequence that if and when they are called to duty, they view it as an imposition, an annoyance, or a stroke of bad luck that they were caught while so many others escaped."

Four years ago, the college student viewed the problem of when and how to do his military service as something of a moral dilemma. Now there is no dilemma; military service is simply no longer rele-

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vant! And for young men in general, the threat of the draft clearly poses a major disruption in their lives which they treat not as necessary but as gratuitous.

But all of this must surely be evident to manpower policy-makers and Congressional leaders. Why, then, were these objections so easily brushed aside in the Congressional debates over renewal of the legislation four years ago? Why were the proposals, then advanced, to extend the draft for only two years and to appoint a civilian commission to study the problem not even seriously considered? The answer is that at that juncture, the policy-makers were not able to see beyond the charts, which spoke for forced conscription, to the broader social effects of this method of procuring manpower. Congressional leaders were so impressed by the basic need for manpower that they could not admit that the situation had become so much more complex that old answers would no longer do.

Obviously, if national defense requires the draft, no matter what the inequities and long-range erosion, then we must have the draft. But what if national defense needs the draft only a little bit? Under such circumstances, isn't it possible that the deleterious side-effects would more than outweigh the need? What are the arguments for continuing the draft? What was so persuasive about them four years ago? And do these arguments hold today?

First, it was argued that the draft machinery must be retained in case of large future need. But this kind of preparedness seems now to be too cumbersome and slow-moving for the kinds of demands we are likely to face. Anyway, it doesn't seem necessary to pass bodies through the machinery in order to keep it minimally operative.

Second, it was suggested that inducting a certain proportion of the country's youth provided a way to strengthen the moral fiber of the country and possibly keep some young men off the streets. Unfortunately, the Army doesn't want juvenile delinquents, either. And if the Ginzberg report doesn't specifically refute the "moral fiber" idea, then one can turn to the comments of Congressman Roman C. Pucinski in debate on February 5, 1959:

I just completed . . . a very intensive survey in Chicago on teen-age gangs and juvenile delinquency, and I find that the draft has a very important effect on the present development of our young people. . . . Hundreds of thousands . . . are forced to live in a shadow of constant doubt as to their future when actually only a few thousands are ultimately drafted. . . . Many young men who graduate from high school and who do not, or cannot because of economic reasons, go to college find it impossible to get decent employment because the first thing they are asked by a potential employer is what is his draft status. . . . I could not begin to tell you the hardships that this situation is causing.

A third argument—aimed at critics who pointed to the inequities inherent in the draft—stated that seven out of ten men reaching age twenty-six in 1959 served in the Armed Forces; excluding those who couldn't qualify, the ratio was nine out of ten. The same estimates, projected to June, 1963, indicated that about half of all men reaching age twenty-six, and eight out of ten who actually qualify, will have served. (It is my guess that the actual figures will turn out to be more like 40 per cent of all men and 70 per cent of those qualified.)

There are three major weaknesses in this attempt to demonstrate the universality and fairness of Selective Service as it now operates. First is the fact that the inequity—whatever it is—is increasing: more men really are escaping the draft and more men are being held in suspense, that is, in the manpower pool. The second weakness is the manner in which "qualified" is defined. In order to keep a high ratio of men drafted to those "qualified," the Selective Service System needs only to "disqualify" large numbers, which is precisely what is happening. In one neighboring county, the rejection rate for mental and physical reasons is now 68 per cent; any college student who wants to go to graduate school can be deferred whether he deserves to be or not.

But the most serious condition, which the figures do not show, occurs in the ratio of those who are actually *drafted* compared to those available in the vulnerable age group. Of the men reaching age twenty-six in 1963, only about one in ten will have been drafted; the great majority of the young men

who enter the Armed Forces do so by voluntary enlistments when they are eighteen or nineteen years old. This phenomenon is largely responsible for the erosion of the sense of duty of college students as they approach the vulnerable age.

To check this, I studied three recently graduated classes of a representative small college. About 32 per cent of the class of 1958 (most of whom are now past the drafting age) had some kind of military service, the class of 1960 had 18 per cent in the Armed Forces, and the class of 1962 only 7 per cent. This college, however, sends 80 per cent of its graduates on to graduate schools, so presumably many of them can easily get deferments. To clarify this factor, I turned to a university which sends less than 30 per cent of its male graduates to graduate schools, and which, in addition, has mandatory ROTC training. Of the class which graduated last June, only 15 per cent said they were planning to enter military service. With such low figures, no wonder the college student looks around for a way out!

The most important argument for extending the draft four years ago was the claim that without it the Armed Forces could not maintain necessary manpower levels. The average annual replacement need for new men in the total military

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establishment of 2.7 million is about 500,000. Typically, this need is met by 400,000 enlistees and 100,000 draftees. Although the number of draftees looks negligibly small, it is pointed out that some fair proportion of the enlistees volunteer because of the pressure of the draft. The branches of the military service other than the Army are particularly insistent on this point, since they benefit from what is virtually a voluntary input; it is only the Army that utilizes Selective Service directly.

In all probability, the Army would be quite happy if it did not need to rely on forced conscription. The inductees are not around long enough to train for any really key jobs, and their re-enlistment rate is less than 15 per cent compared to an overall rate of 54 per cent. The kinds of tasks appropriate for the draftee can usually be carried out better, or at least with greater continuity, by civilians hired locally. Obviate the draftees and the Army would lose its least effective personnel procured by the least efficient method; in replacing them by other means, it would actually gain in strength.

So the manning problem centers on the 400,000 annual voluntary enlistments, or rather on the question of how many really are "voluntary." There seems to be no readily available study on the effect of the pressure of the draft on this group, although some simple sampling procedures ought to produce some reasonable estimates. In making a guess at what would happen to enlistments without the draft, one can immediately whittle off the 100,000 men who are in the six-month program, which is clearly a grudging alternative to the two years' active duty of the draftee. It would be my guess, however, that a very high proportion of the remaining 300,000 men could be induced to continue to volunteer freely. With a demonstrated success in promoting the re-enlistment of trained personnel, with a new pay raise and with straitened economic circumstances apparently a fact of life in many sections of the country, the prospect of an all-voluntary military establishment does not seem too far-fetched.

More than at any time in recent history, the Department of Defense now seems determined to cut through vested interests, outdated procurement methods and short-sighted manpower policies to create a really effective military service. The new reserve and National Guard program is a vast improvement over an almost scandalously inefficient aspect of our military establishment. The six-month active-duty program, hopelessly unrelated to the needs of national defense right from the start, is about to be strengthened. The Army has recently announced a new Officer Candidate program for non-ROTC college graduates, which ought to reach a potential resource previously ignored. The ROTC programs in many colleges have undergone sweeping changes, and may soon be completely voluntary. So one might hope that the day of the citizen-soldier, which has lengthened into twenty years, may soon be over in favor of a professional Army, professionally trained and professionally sustained. And for those who worry about military professionalism as an alien current in American life, it should be pointed out that this situation already prevails with 2.3 million of the 2.7 million in our Armed Forces.

Four years ago, the draft was extended as an important policy decision, even though many aspects of it seemed wrong in principle. Today it seems even more wrong in principle, but also highly questionable as a matter of policy. In any case, the forthcoming Congressional debate should be illumined by more information and deeper insight into long-range effects compared to present needs than it was four years ago. Perhaps this time the civilian commission proposed in 1959 could be established in advance of the debate to help shed some light on a problem whose ramifications are so dimly seen. If it is true that America's moral resolve is weakening, as so many charge, then certainly the irrelevance and erosion of Selective Service must be at least partly responsible.

Identical Bids

The Billion-Dollar Coincidence . . Richard J. Barber

For nearly a century, the federal government has made most of its nonmilitary purchases through advertised and supposedly "competitive" bidding aimed at obtaining the most favorable possible prices. The process still continues — but with mounting frustration on the part of the government purchasers. The better to sense this growing dissatisfaction, put yourself in the shoes of a government purchasing agent and suppose that you've asked for sealed bids on a number of different but standard products. Upon receipt, the bids — submitted in guarded secrecy — are opened with much pomp and circumstance as required by law, whereupon you find that the prices bid by all or most of the sellers are precisely identical in dollars and cents carried perhaps to the fourth decimal place. The following table, based on actual bids submitted to federal and state agencies last winter, is strikingly illustrative:

Item	*Price Bid per unit*	*No. of Bidders at this price*
Electric cable	$ 5.086	6
Asphalt	27.75	4
Microscopes	521.00	8
Calcium hypochlorite	33.85	4
Potential transformers	190.80	3
Polio vaccine	1.999	3
Hamburger rolls	.27	3
Zinc slabs	.1235	2
Electric meters	79.80	4
Liquid chlorine	4.08	8
Steel flange beams	.1104	3
Power cable	.9074	4
Hard-drawn aluminum wire	39.45	4

How, under a system of sealed bids,

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can a number of companies hit on the same price, identical to the hundredth of a cent? You would be joining many others if you asked, angrily and suspiciously, "What goes on here?"

Identical bidding is one of the major characteristics of contemporary public purchasing, involving virtually every conceivable product. A recent report of the U.S. Department of Justice requires nearly 300 pages simply to record, in highly abbreviated fashion, instances of identical bids which came to its attention over a four-month period beginning in November, 1961. The list of products it covers represents 118 commodity classes and a far larger number of individual items, ranging from the necessities of life (food for school-lunch programs, polio and smallpox vaccine, milk and bread for troops at military installations) and the means of defense (steel plates used for Navy ships, fuel of various grades for the Armed Forces) to soda crackers, grass seed and crushed stone. The Department of Justice has said that identical bidding is present in at least $100 million worth of government contracts each year. That judgment, though, is based on a relatively slim sampling; if one includes all local, state and federal government contracts, a billion dollars is probably nearer the mark.

Identical bidding results, of course, in higher prices. Already General Electric, for example, has admitted that as a result of conspiracies in which its officials participated between 1956 and 1959, the U. S. Government was overcharged to the tune of $7.5 million and other buyers in the amount of an additional $40 million (all told, equal to about 10 per cent of the prices actually paid). The practice hits right where it hurts most.

But identical bidding has much broader implications: it is a symptom of artificially curtailed competition, a further manifestation of the substantial extent to which the American economy, in spite of all the banners we fly, is afflicted with monopolistic restraints. This is not to overlook the specious argument, quite frequently advanced, that the matching of prices is a grade-A symbol of competition; or, as Roger Blough put it, "If we offer to sell steel to a customer at the same price as a competitor offers it to the customer, that is very definitely a competitive price." Mr. Blough's Alice-in-Wonderland conception of competition is wrong on at least two counts. First, a competitive market is not distinguished by identical prices in a number of transactions effected over a period of time; the New York Stock Exchange, for instance, represents a fair approximation of a competitive market—but rarely will sales of any active security take place at the same price even over the course of a single hour. Second, even if current prices are the same, how explain precisely identical prices submitted in sealed bids involving future sales?

The price-fixing conspiracies in the electrical-equipment industry recently prosecuted at Philadelphia provide the most notorious recent illustration of the manner in which bids can be arrived at through the conspiratorial machinations of corporate executives. Conspiracy is indeed a common means by which businessmen, big or small, seek shelter from the hostile winds of competition. In a suit filed last year, to give another example, the government charged that executives of a number of milk companies gathered periodically at such sacred locations at the Union Club, the University Club and (alas!) the Harvard Club, all in Boston, to fix their bids on the sale of milk to several New England military installations.

Overt collusion, however, is not the only cause of identical bidding. Holders of patents may license use of the grant on condition that the licensee adhere to stipulated prices. Regrettably still permissible under the law (though the governing 1926 Supreme Court decision has been narrowed considerably over the years), this technique is particularly widespread in the sale of drugs — including the broad-spectrum wonder drugs such as tetracycline. Similarly, a dominant manufacturer may insist that its distributors adhere to a "suggested" price list. The American Optical Company apparently employs this practice.

But there remains the identical pricing of a number of commodities, such as chemicals, steel, aluminum, lead and zinc, whose manufacturers are contesting directly with one another and where patents

"Snake-eyes again! Too bad."

play little, if any, role in price formation. For example, on a bid in 1961 for fifteen tons of aluminum ingots to be used at the AEC plant in Aiken, South Carolina, four firms, including Alcoa, Reynolds and Kaiser, bid exactly the same price: .435c per pound. The same kind of bids are an everyday affair in the case of graphite, zinc and lead, where the National Lead Company and the American Smelting and Refining Corporation typically tender matched prices. Any observer is entitled to ask why.

Without overlooking collusion as a possibility, two other explanations seem more probable. In industries such as these, where the product is homogeneous and without brand differentiation (a building constructor doesn't care who made the steel beams he uses as long as they meet certain specifications), delivered-price systems may develop without overt collusion, though their actual implementation almost inevitably requires some form of agreement, generally inspired by the industry's price leader (usually the biggest producer). In spite of government efforts to curtail or eliminate them, delivered-price systems obviously persist. No doubt they explain how both Inland and U. S. Steel could arrive at the identical bid of .0651c per pound for twenty-two tons of carbon-steel bearing piles to the TVA, even though Inland planned to deliver the steel from Chicago and U. S. Steel from its plant at Fairfield, Alabama. Akin to this device is the trade association, which can easily become little more than a means by which erst-

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while competitors can exchange information essential to the eradication of meaningful price rivalry.

Price parallelism can also be found in markets dominated by a few companies. In such oligopolistic situations, the big firms come to recognize that it is better to compete in fields such as product design and advertising rather than price. Thus in 1956 the Ford Motor Company initially announced an average price increase on its 1957 models of 2.9 per cent. Two weeks later, however, when General Motors increased its 1957 model prices by an average 6.1 per cent, Ford promptly revised its prices upward to match the GM prices almost dollar for dollar. This kind of coordinated pricing occurs again and again in the highly concentrated industries—in autos, steel, electrical equipment, rubber tires, farm machinery, cigarettes, metal cans and primary aluminum, to name just a few. In industries characterized by a high degree of concentration, anything approaching acceptable price behavior will not occur. As Chief Justice Warren has put it, "An industry which does not have a competitive structure will not have competitive behavior."

Identical bidding, therefore, is seen to be no mere happenstance; rather it reflects the variety of monopolistic arrangements which restrain or eliminate competition and deny the public the advantages of uninhibited business rivalry. To deal meaningfully with this situation thus calls for a wide assortment of carefully calculated responses. However, it is clear that unless we take steps to lower the levels of industrial concentration, any effort to stimulate price competition can be only partly successful.

This raises the question whether less concentration can be achieved without sacrificing the important economies that large-scale operations provide. Reliable studies indicate that minimum costs in manufacturing are attained at a much smaller scale of output than is typically reflected by today's giant corporations. In autos, for example, it appears that we could have as many as ten, perhaps twenty, companies of equal size without encountering any higher unit-production costs than now prevail (i.e., American Motors appears to have achieved a cost point as low as GM or Ford). Similarly, in the steel industry, firms with as little as 5 per cent of the total national ingot capacity, such as Armco, Inland, National and Youngstown, are every bit as efficient—and in some cases more so—than U. S. Steel.

In most industries, and certainly in those with the broadest economic impact, we could have many more firms than is popularly supposed—without forgoing efficiency. The benefits of such deconcentration would be substantial. With more firms of about the same strength functioning in major markets, the possibility that prices will remain uniform for long, without actual collusion, is very slim; under these circumstances, indeed, the temptation to compete in price is virtually irresistible. And in order to end this kind of price warfare, the rival sellers would be forced to conspire *overtly* and hence engage in precisely the sort of conduct that can be suppressed effectively through close market surveillance. Moreover, such loose-knit price conspiracies tend to dissolve of their own accord, occasionally prompting one of the culprits to flee to the authorities with valuable evidence in return for lenient treatment.

Failing efforts to deconcentrate industry, other means must be found to keep excessive (and unnecessary) private economic power within socially and economically acceptable bounds. The Kennedy Administration's enunciation of wage-price guide lines partly recognizes this, but already it is apparent that there is a vast difference between declaration and real enforcement. The efficacy of government by admonition, or of "consultative arrangements" with respect to price and wage decisions, remains seriously in doubt. In the absence of coercion or strong inducement in some form, powerful corporations are unlikely to behave acceptably—a point of which Gardiner Means, among many others, seems well aware. Accordingly, Means has proposed that corporate executives who exercise pricing authority be compensated with bonuses and special tax incentives if they price in accordance with predetermined reasonable rates of return on their capital investment. Whether individuals should be rewarded with Treasury subventions for engaging in socially desirable conduct is a question; beyond that, Means's plan is exceedingly complex (it amounts to public-utility regulation) and in the final analysis is no less "extreme" than is a program of deliberate industrial deconcentration. In my view, the Means plan represents a less acceptable alternative; but admittedly it might be effective and hence is something to which we may ultimately have to turn.

Since no really basic remedy for the disorder which is manifested in identical bidding is on the near horizon (though certainly we should continue the search for one), the question arises: What can be done to cope with the symptom?

First, collusive arrangements must be prosecuted with sharply increased vigor. On this count, the record of the Antitrust Division under the present Administration is moderately good. In 1961, twenty-eight cases involving price-fixing conspiracies were undertaken and in 1962 an even greater number were started. Even so, most of the iceberg remains beneath the surface. The Justice Department must step up enforcement in this important area—and indeed Congress should demand that this be done and provide the funds. In this connection, serious consideration should be given to amending the antitrust laws so as to create a prima facie presumption of collusion wherever a group of allegedly competing sellers submit identical bids on a number of different occasions over a fairly short period of time.

The Federal Trade Commission has a role to play as well; in some respects, it may actually be better suited to combating monopoly practices than any other federal enforcement agency. It could deal effectively with the various sorts of price-systems that develop in many industries, like steel and cement, sometimes under cover of a trade association. But the FTC must allocate its considerable resources far more wisely than has been the case in the last two years if it is to make a useful contribution in this field.

As a second measure, the extent and character of identical bidding should be increasingly publicized; after all, the practice costs the taxpayers millions of dollars every year. Recognizing that existing federal law on the subject was inadequate, Representative Wright Pat-

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man and Senator Paul Douglas, and the Joint Economic Committee of Congress which they head, induced the President to issue an Executive Order (published April 24, 1961) requiring federal agencies to report the receipt of identical bids, inviting state and local governmental units to submit similar information, and calling for the publication of the pertinent data. After some delay —the Department of Justice is not enthusiastic about the operation— an initial compilation of the reports received was made public last August. Admittedly, any such statistical undertaking will be administratively burdensome, but its benefits in educating the public and in offering enforcement leads (a number of antitrust cases have been inspired by analysis of bid data) outweigh the costs.

Third, in coping with the "phenomenon" of identical bidding, procurement officials must be given wide discretion in their handling of apparent conspirators. Several tactics could prove helpful. It may be advisable for instance, to keep secret some of the details of a given set of bids in order to induce one of the suspected violators to "cheat" on his colleagues and submit a lower bid than that agreed upon. Or, instead of determining the "winner" by drawing lots, the procurement officer could award the contract to the smallest firm or to the one farthest from the point of delivery (which normally would mean that this supplier will obtain the lowest gross profit after paying transportation charges). Again, the contract could be given to the same firm, again and again, until freer bidding commenced. The opportunity is always present, of course, for the participants in a conspiracy of this type to rotate their bids systematically and avoid submitting identical quotations; but this practice can usually be detected through continuous monitoring of bid reports by experienced personnel using modern statistical techniques and electronic computers.

In the final analysis, identical bidding must be recognized for what it is: a symptom of a deep-rooted economic malady that cannot long be tolerated without causing other, more serious, disorders in the society. Methods already exist which permit us to curtail certain manifestations of the disease, particularly overt price-fixing and bid-rigging conspiracies. Various other adjustments in the law can and should be made—for instance, the right of a patentee or large firm to control the price at which a licensee or distributor may sell a product should be obliterated, by legislation if necessary. But any truly satisfactory resolution of the matter also calls either for an aggressive antitrust program designed to reduce concentrated power aggregations or the development of procedures capable of insuring that the exercise of such power is kept within tolerable limits.

Either of these choices requires a determination to take action that will noticeably disturb the *status quo*. I would prefer the former course, but certainly one avenue or the other must be pursued if the public interest is to be served.

Our Man in Paraguay . . . . . Barry M. Lando

Hearty congratulations to Paraguay's General Stroessner on his election, last week, to another six-year term as President. The General, his Colorado Party, his Army and his nation will surely benefit from his benign rule. As an example of the General's wise statesmanship, I will recount a tale told by the students of Paraguay.

Last September, Ignacio Rasco, leader of a group of Christian Democratic Cuban exiles, visited Paraguay to give a number of public talks on the Communist dictatorship ravaging his homeland. After his final talk, on September 6, he asked if there were any questions from the five hundred Paraguayans who had come to hear him. Ramón Fogel, the young vice president of the national secondary school in Asunción, asked: "Sr. Rasco, in Paraguay's case, which do you think we should combat first, the Dictatorship or communism?"

There was shocked silence in the hall. Sr. Rasco very delicately sidestepped the question, explaining that he was not too well acquainted with the situation in Paraguay. The conference then came to an end. Ramón Fogel spoke for a few minutes with another Paraguayan youth, Osvaldo Rosa, president of the National University Students Federation, about the coming student elections and then the two young men left the auditorium together to part a block later.

Next morning Osvaldo Rosa was arrested and taken to police headquarters. There, one of the officers asked him who had posed the question about dictatorships at the meeting the day before. But Osvaldo told the gentleman that he was not going to talk. He was locked up for eight hours in an antiquated bathroom and then questioned again. The officer told Osvaldo it was a shame that he did not want to divulge the name because Osvaldo was such a fragile young man and the police did not want to have to break any bones again. (The police were worried about breaking Osvaldo's bones, you see, because they had somehow smashed his leg when he was imprisoned in May, 1961. In fact, Osvaldo has been imprisoned or detained by the police more than thirty times in the past three and a half years.)

Osvaldo was told to take off his watch and ring and then was taken to another police office in the middle of Ascunción. He was placed in a small room with a bathtub and told to take off all his clothes. When he refused, he was beaten with rubber truncheons by four policemen who then forcibly stripped him. His wrists and ankles were bound with leather thongs and a leather halter was placed around his shoulders. He was dragged to the large tub filled with filthy water and flung into it so that his body and head were entirely covered. Then an electric current was passed through the water. When the police saw that Osvaldo had no breath left in his lungs, he was hauled to the surface. They asked him if he would talk. When he refused, he was thrust be-

Barry M. Lando, a Canadian journalist, recently visited Paraguay.

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neath the water again. This happened five times.

Finally, the youth was dragged from the tank and thrown into a cell, where he lay shivering. The students say that Osvaldo had lost all muscular control and that his body was shaking so much that he was unable to dress himself. The police were so sorry for him that they shipped him to a special hospital, where he was given shots and pills. As soon as he had ceased shivering and twitching, he was returned to the police station. Once again he was asked if he would talk, and when he refused once more, was beaten with rubber truncheons and hauled off to the water tank. He fainted the first time in. He was held in prison for seven days until all exterior marks and bruises had disappeared from his body (photographs might be most embarrassing). Then, still without normal muscular coordination, he was sent home and he spent a month in a hospital.

The day after Osvaldo's release, the high-school student who had asked the question, Ramón Fogel, was arrested, beaten, his head shaved, and then imprisoned.

Paraguay is one of the most impoverished and isolated countries of Latin America, caught up in the silty backwash of two goliath neighbors, Argentina and Brazil. It is a flat, landlocked state about the size of California. Nine-tenths of its people are a handsome product of the intermingling of the stately Guaraní Indian with the European. Their economic conditions are wretched. The country has no minerals and few industries. The major exports are agricultural: *yerba mate*, meat, leather, *quebracho* extract and lumber. The average annual per capita income is $166, but in the rural zones this has actually declined in recent years. About 70 per cent of the people eke out a living in agriculture, though only 4 per cent of the land is put to use.

The lack of developed land is due partly to the people's lack of the means for cultivation. Also, communications are abysmal; most roads last only until the first rain storm. Finally, Paraguay just does not have the population. Over the past century, the nation has been bled of its finest manpower. Between 1865 and 1870, it waged a bloody and useless war against the combined forces of Argentina, Brazil and Uruguay. The result: Paraguay lost 220,000 of its 520,000 population and 90 per cent of its men. Thousands more were slaughtered in the Chaco War with Bolivia between 1932 and 1935. Moreover, thousands of Paraguay's most talented and dynamic people have fled the country to seek opportunity abroad. Out of a population of 1.8 million, more than 500,000 Paraguayans live outside the borders, mainly in Argentina and Brazil. Most of these are men.

General Stroessner has presided over the desultory fortunes of Paraguay since 1954. He came to power in typical Paraguayan fashion—at the head of the Army and the Colorado Party, and as the only candidate on a ballot which traditionally has room for only one name. His firm rule has brought more new construction than under any other regime in the country's dismal history: uncontaminated drinking water for the capital of Asunción, two major highways towards Bolivia and Brazil, the beginnings of a merchant marine to ply the grimy Paraña River to the Atlantic, a bridge on the Brazilian border and an extensive program to attract foreign investment. Much of the new construction has been technically and financially backed by the United States.

Stroessner brought not only material progress, but also lots of what the Germans call *ordnung*. The walls and streets of Asunción are never plastered with political signs and scrawlings like those which desecrate Buenos Aires and La Paz; there are no riotous assemblies, labor strikes, fiery headlines, or seditious radio stations. No, indeed. Opposition newspapers are efficiently smashed and political opponents who become too vocal are exiled or imprisoned. Even the voice of dissent within the General's own Colorado Party has been stifled. There is only the military, the Colorado Party and General Stroessner, and all is serene in the land of Paraguay, where half the annual budget goes to the Army.

General Stroessner

If you ever go to Asunción, you must make sure to visit the university. It is a tattered collection of plaster and wood buildings scattered about the city. Its facilities wouldn't do justice to a public school in the United States. The rector, of course, is a faithful Colorado. His daughter is on the payroll as his technical secretary, his wife as his official chauffeur. His twenty-three-year-old son-in-law, who has just graduated from the Law School, is on the payroll as a Professor of Law.

But Asunción has its showpiece, too: The neat, concrete-and-glass headquarters of the Colorado Party. It was built by the compulsory deduction of 5 per cent from the wages of government civil servants. (Naturally, membership in the Colorado Party is also the key to getting a job in the civil service. The Colorados are quite logical in spending this money on themselves. The Alliance for Progress can always build a new university.)

Unhappily, with the approach of last week's elections, Paraguay's political tranquillity was rudely disturbed. General Stroessner was told he would have to hold *honest* elections; after all, the new U. S. policy is designed to support democracies. But an "honest" election presumes at least one opposition candidate, doesn't it? Unhappily for General Stroessner, his major opposition parties—the moderate Liberals and the left-of-center Febreristas—refused to provide one. They informed the General that they were unwilling to make him a respectable democrat without first receiving some respectable democratic freedoms. They wanted their leaders back from exile (the Liberal chief, Carlos Pastore, is in Montevideo; Febrerista Rafael

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Franco in Buenos Aires). They also requested an end to the formal state of siege which has now lasted for more than twenty years, and demanded the right of assembly and guarantees of freedom of speech and of the press.

With the elections only a few months away and still only one name on the ballot, General Stroessner was naturally worried that his democratic protestations would not ring true. Then, salvation: last fall, a small group of dissenting Liberals broke away from their party to contest the elections. The group was immediately repudiated by both the Liberals and the Febreristas, but the government-controlled electoral board granted it swift recognition. A few of the original group soon gave up the struggle; the remainder maintained their "opposition." A journal supporting them, *Tribuna Liberal*, carefully refrained from any direct attacks against the Government, the Army or General Stroessner. Articles were in a philosophic tone of allusion and aspersion. When the nephew of the editor became fed up with philosophy and felt that the new political opposition should talk about politics, he opened a newspaper of his own, *El Pueblo*. It was closed within three days.

Understandably, General Stroessner resents the hostile attitude of his real opposition. He views himself as a benevolent paternalist who has had to sacrifice a few democratic liberties for the higher goals of stability and growth. He told me he felt that the opposition was "trying to make my government look like the worst Latin American dictatorship. But we are a government of the people and have the majority of their support, and the opposition parties know they cannot win." He could never declare amnesty for Liberal leader, Carlos Pastore, because "he has links with international communism"; and as for all those repressed newspapers and radio stations, "They were irresponsible and subversive." The state of siege? "That is not a suspension of constitutional rights of everyone, only for those agitators and conspirators who want to overthrow the government by force."

Paraguay is in a political strait jacket. Certainly Stroessner's opposition is immature, frequently irresponsible, hazy in ideology. It lacks a democratic consciousness, and a sense of organization. How it can gain any of the things it lacks if its newspapers continue to be repressed, its attempts at organization stymied and its leaders exiled or imprisoned, General Stroessner does not explain.

At present, the major opposition parties are firmly anti-Communist; Fidelismo is virtually nonexistent in the university — usually the most radical sector of any Latin American society. However, because of the changing social and economic conditions of the country and the winds of the Cuban Revolution, the political situation is in rapid flux. Young leadership is moving into the Liberal Party and last March a more radical wing split from the Febreristas. A Christian Democratic Party has been formed, drawing its ranks from young professionals and intellectuals. Even the governing Colorado Party has been racked by dissension.

General Stroessner will be in power until 1968. A continuation of his repressive regime will undermine those among the opposition who advocate democratic change—and it will encourage the extremists who call for guerrilla warfare. In 1961, three small guerrilla bands penetrated Paraguay; they were supported by neither the Liberals nor Febreristas, and were easily defeated by the Army. As unrest increases, Army victories will be bloodier and much less certain.

And what about the United States? For a while, the opposition parties in Paraguay believed that Alliance for Progress funds would be granted only to democratic regimes. Their belief is no longer as firm. Since July, 1961, the United States has directly granted $10.5 million in aid to Paraguay and has participated in other grants worth $10 million.

The United States Government realizes that there is a dictator reigning in Asunción; it is not completely ignorant of the torturing, imprisonment and repression of the opposition. It has been hinting to Paraguayan officials that dictators are no longer *persona grata* in Washington. But somehow the lesson has not yet penetrated.

That Cleveland Newspaper Strike . . John Barden

Cleveland, O.

Cleveland's tense newspaper strike may be settled by March 1. The shutdown, involving eleven unions and two newspapers, has been as complete as New York's, and it started earlier. Its overriding cause, if a debate broadcast by TV and radio on February 6 is any indication, has been raw anger.

The usually tough-minded Louis B. Seltzer, editor of the *Cleveland Press*, sweated through a written speech that outran the agreed twelve minutes allowed by the Cleveland City Club's forum. His opponent—tall, gray, bespectacled Noel Wical, chairman of the *Press* unit of Local No. 1 of the American Newspaper Guild—spoke slowly as if he were blue-penciling, careful copy editor that he is, the angry words flooding his mind. On the only new issue developed in the debate, arbitration, Seltzer said management wouldn't consider it in the present dispute; Wical said the Guild would.

Seltzer had sought the debate and carried the offensive. He lost it on style alone, even in the minds of his friends. The issues, as Wical had warned at the outset, were still left for the bargaining tables, where eleven union and two management teams sit. Seltzer, knowing this, wound up his pitch by saying that he would quit as editor if he couldn't have his way.

The heat flowed, almost visibly, from three hot jets of policy and harsh words—the *Press* management, the Cleveland Guild leadership and a dissident Guild group of *Press* reporters who, when working, are paid better than most of their colleagues. The latter have hired counsel as their parliamentarian for

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Press unit meetings; they were represented in the audience and loaded with questions for Wical.

The technical issue at stake in the Guild strike barely emerged from the debate, but here it is: There are people in the *Press* commercial department, organized by the Guild back in 1938, who have not joined the Guild. Yet they enjoy privileges and benefits as if they were members, with none of the inconveniences like attending meetings and paying dues. A Guild proposal that nine out of ten new employees in this department must either join the Guild or pay dues was the problem. The significance of such a problem can be expanded by whole orders of magnitude with phrases like "union security" and "freedom of the press." This happened in Cleveland and, until the Guild yielded on the issue last week, little else has been heard above the shrieks.

The issues that, at the time of this writing, are keeping the strike alive are wholly economic and largely concern the photoengravers and typographers. Officials of these unions insist that their economic demands have no connection whatever with the economic issues involved in the New York strike.

Nearly forgotten in the debate was the good, gray *Plain Dealer*, Cleveland's morning newspaper, which used to have an afternoon edition called the *News* that was driven to insolvency and purchased, somewhat brutally, in 1959 by the *Press*. This history, however, does not prevent *Plain Dealer* acquiescence, by silence, to the Seltzer positions in labor disputes—this time with total loss of months of revenue, executives still on the payroll and no chain-paper support. The *Press* belongs to the Scripps-Howard chain.

Virtually forgotten, too, were whole local memberships of ten other unions at both the *Plain Dealer* and the *Press;* newspaper advertisers feeling sales pinches; and the 1,600,000 inhabitants of the Cleveland region who used to buy at least 700,000 copies of the two papers daily. New Yorkers will appreciate the plight of the customers.

Local readers have taken to the new *Cleveland Record*, however. This newspaper is published for the duration by the Inter-Union Publishing Corporation and delivered to the stands at about 10 A.M. by striking Teamsters five days a week. Circulation is in excess of 100,000, and 200,000 could be sold daily if press time were available. All proceeds go to strike funds. The 100,000 purchasers, and another 200,000 to whom they pass it on, have found the *Record* an excellent paper for news, with no distracting editorials and, of course, no department store advertising.

Still, Clevelanders love the *Plain Dealer* and the *Press*, with all their faults, and want them back, exactly as they were. Many families used to take both papers. But, as the strike persisted, nobody heard the ordinary people who just buy newspapers. Even after the debate, most of them still can't see what the fight was about, at least as far as the Guild was concerned, and probably never will. This may be just as well. Once they understood the issues, ordinary people might consider the situation in the *Press* commercial department something less than a cause for war. This lack of sensitivity to principle distinguishes them from Seltzer and Wical, who represent opposed interests with very touchy principles.

For the multitudes unimpressed with the magnitude of the *Press* commercial-department issue, Wical pointed to the majority of Guild members in the *Press* and *Plain Dealer* units of the Guild who voted to deny themselves paychecks for more than two months. "Surely," said Wical, "if a man votes against receiving his paycheck, his reasons must be strong, his principles deep-seated."

For Louis B. Seltzer, the future of the country plainly rode on what happened in his commercial department. Freedom of the press in these perilous times is threatened, he warned, by Guild jurisdictions which on most papers include both editorial and business sides. Compelling nine of every ten new employees in the *Press* commercial department to join the union or to pay dues is, he says, "a device which ultimately, I believe, will enable the union to gain compulsive control of American newspapers." The Guild, he suggested, is moving toward this control like a hungry man with a side of bacon — a slice at a time.

The crescendo of this theme Seltzer saved for his precious rebuttal time: "I for one, as an editor, do not believe that the security, the vitality, the freedom of a free press and a free country will tolerate this kind of control, whether by labor, by capital, by Catholics or Jews, or nations, or any other organization!" And the last lines of his speech had that personal note which all Cleveland regrets. For Seltzer, the fight would be to the finish: "I for one will not edit a newspaper where an editorial department is under compulsive leadership."

Against the answerable parts of this argument, Wical said, "The commercial-department people handle the *Press* advertising, circulation and business accounts. They do not gather, write and edit the news. It is sheer nonsense to suggest that somehow a free press would be less free should the future employees in the Press commercial department pay their fair share of Guild costs."

Wical read off a list of Midwest papers and the seven New York papers that have compulsory union shops, including the *Press's* sister-paper, the New York *World-Telegram and Sun*. He cited the Guild constitution, Art. II, Sec. 1: ". . . nor shall any member be barred from membership or penalized by reason of . . . anything he writes for publication." The *Press*, he said, "already has granted a form of maintenance of membership to the Guild which is a form of compulsion." The *Plain Dealer* and the *Press*, Wical asserted, have granted compulsory unionism to the other ten unions they deal with. Why not the Guild?

Seltzer ignored all specific points, except the last. On this he said, "There is a distinction as to the other unions. Those men and women are not capable, in terms of their contracts, of raising themselves above a certain fixed level applicable uniformly to all of them. Yet a member of the Guild is a totally dissimilar professional person. He has

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an unlimited opportunity by the distinctive, unique, personalized character of mind and personality and training and discipline to gain unlimited opportunity in the American field of journalism — and that is precisely as it should be."

This struck an earlier note in Seltzer's argument. Certainly a complicated and possibly a hurt man, he talked as if there were two Guilds, the Guild he fought in the 1956 strike and is now fighting so remorselessly, and the Guild he helped organize back in 1935.

"The Guild started at the *Cleveland Press* under the present editor," he said. "I have always been its friend, indeed, its advocate. The Guild enjoys many privileges permitted professional people. There are salary minimums but no maximums, no ceiling on what a man or woman may earn. Nothing prevents the granting of merit wages for individual excellence in writing, reporting or editing the news. Most *Press* writers, reporters and photographers are paid salaries above a high ceiling that is the minimum for top-flight newspaper men."

Wical ignored these points, so far as Seltzer was concerned, but revealed the bitter experience of the Guild's commercial members at the hands of *Press* minions — the kind of petty tyranny that breeds angry, irrational strikes.

"In the 1956 strike," said Wical, "the Guild accepted the promise of the publishers that the problem in the commercial department would be eliminated and that a healthier atmosphere would be cultivated by management. Instead, the problem grew and became the major reason for the present strike. What is the problem? Anti-union supervisory personnel and union-harassing nonmembers have made the position of the Guild untenable in the *Press* commercial department. The morale of the Guild members in that department has been damaged by the combination of straw-bosses who openly and continually express their contempt for the Guild and all who join it. And the free-riders accept all the benefits of the Guild, smiling over the fact that they pay nothing for them. This time, the Cleveland Newspaper Guild says it cannot accept promises, but must solve its problem for the future."

The very suddenness of the strike, which was started by the Teamsters, and the narrowness of the Guild majorities supporting it in the *Press* unit, led Seltzer to suspect an "arrangement" ("I use the word advisedly," said he) between the Guild and Local 473 of the Teamsters to close down the *Press*. The undisputed facts as stated in the debate are as follows.

The Teamsters, whose contract had run out, struck both *Press* and *Plain Dealer* on November 29, 1962. Early next morning, employees belonging to the other ten unions at the *Press* encountered the Teamster picket lines and did not cross them. The *Press* shut down.

The Executive Board of the Guild met at 8 A.M. and wrote a resolution not to cross Teamster lines and not to return to work until a new contract, then in negotiation by the Guild, was signed. A meeting of the *Press* unit was called at 10 A.M. the same morning. Effective notification of the meeting was given at place of work, namely, the *Press* building, but not to those who had the day off, who were on assignment out of town or on sick-leave. The meeting was attended by 232 members of the total 330, or 70 per cent, of the *Press* unit. One vote affirmed the part of the resolution about not crossing Teamster lines. A motion to defer the no-contract-no-work part of the resolution for further study lost, 118-113. A motion to table the proposition until the *Plain Dealer* unit had acted was put to secret ballot, using makeshift scrap paper, and lost, 127-105. This was in effect the strike vote of the *Press* unit. Moments later, the *Plain Dealer* unit, in separate meeting, voted overwhelmingly to strike.

Said Seltzer: "The strike action, rushed through by the Guild leadership on that 30th day of November, 1962, was inspired by malice and born of deceit, trickery and treachery." He punctuated his review of the facts with, "Was that deceit? Was that trickery? Was that treachery? Was that the action of a responsible and honest Guild leadership?"

Wical replied, "Everyone possible was notified at the place of work, and we held the meeting under emergency circumstances. It was not arranged, as Mr. Seltzer indicates. As he himself said, we only had makeshift ballots made up on the spot, which worked very well. It was a secret vote, and the ballots were counted with the results Mr. Seltzer has reminded us of."

Seltzer charged that the Guild leadership was directed by Guild official J. William Blatz, "a man who has come to Cleveland only a few days before, a man unknown to the rank and file of the Guild, a man who, to my knowledge, never has put foot into the *Cleveland Press* and the *Cleveland Plain Dealer* for any other purpose than to agitate a strike."

"Mr. Blatz came here," said Wical, "at the invitation of Bill Davy, our executive secretary, to help out with bargaining. That's how he happened to be here at the time of the strike. However, as the Teamsters struck on the night of November 29, Mr. Blatz was on his way back to Washington. It would appear, then, that we had no information about the Teamsters' strike. He did return to Cleveland at the behest of Mr. Davy and all the rest of us, and he's been here, on and off, since."

Unmentioned on the air, but relevant and well known in Cleveland, was the fact that the Teamster officials, who so effectively shut down both newspapers, thereupon pulled the rank and file out of the strike and instructed them to cross Guild picket lines. Some did, and there was trouble requiring police intervention. The Teamsters, by a membership revolt against their officers, rejoined the strike and the picket lines. These events did nothing to cool tempers, even on the management side — and nothing, plainly, to dull Seltzer's suspicions of some kind of Guild-Teamster collaboration.

The Guild leadership has had its troubles maintaining majority support in the *Press* unit. Votes in four of five periodic meetings sustained the leadership. On January 24, however, a 58 per cent turnout of 193 members (Cleveland was in the grip of 19-below-zero weather) voted 98-95 to drop the demands relating to the *Press* commercial department. The Guild's Executive Board, not being bound under the by-laws by unit-membership bargaining instructions, ignored the vote. "Any member who wants to put up a proposition in regard to bargaining may do so," said Wical, "but nothing is final in a contract settlement in a local unless it is

(*Continued on page 168*)

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Home-Coming in Red China

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER. By Edgar Snow. Random House. 810 pp. $10.

Robert C. North

For Edgar Snow it was like a homecoming. Nearly a quarter of a century back he had known Mao Tse-tung, Chou En-lai, Teng Ying-ch'ao, Tai Ch'un-ch'i and many others as members of a Communist movement which seemed to most observers a long way from power in China.

In those days Mao Tse-tung was leading the Communist Party and the Chinese Red Army from cave headquarters in Yenan. Chou En-lai commanded an East Front Red Army from a tiny cave village somewhat to the north. A slender figure in an old cotton uniform, he was the first to greet Snow in 1936, touching his faded red-starred cap in a smart salute as the American crossed Chinese Communist lines.

Teng Ying-ch'ao (Madame Chou En-lai) had been living secretly in a temple outside Peking, convalescing from lung trouble. Surrounded by Japanese troops, she fled, disguised as a peasant woman, and was taken by a mutual friend to Snow's house. As a foreigner, he was able to conduct her through the Japanese blockade.

Tai Ch'un-ch'i was a "bright kid, medical orderly" in the Red Army. "He looked like a baby but he must have been fourteen or fifteen by then." He and others like him were called "little devils" in those days.

By 1960, when Edgar Snow revisited China—a rare American carrying both a Chinese Communist visa and an American passport validated for China—his old friends were governing Mainland China. In the Imperial City, Mao was "at home" in a plain dark jacket with trousers to match, shoes needing polish, and cotton socks hanging loosely at his ankles. Chou En-lai and Teng Ying-ch'ao escorted Snow aboard the Premier's special Peking-carpeted, air-conditioned train for a sight-seeing tour into the country. Dr. Tai Ch'un-ch'i, now a grown-up "little devil," had risen to deputy director of an Institute of *Venereology and Skin Diseases.*

Edgar Snow's experiences of a quarter-century back gave him material for *Red Star Over China,* which became a standard reference work, really a classic, on formative phases of Mao Tse-tung's leadership. A rereading of this book will dispel the notion—passed along by the uninformed—that Snow originated the "agrarian reformer" myth.

This new volume is an outcome of his 1960 experience, and in it Snow sets out quite candidly to correct the grossly distorted images of Communist China which are prevalent in the West and particularly, perhaps, in the United States. In the generous scope of 800 pages he brings to life dozens of individual people from schoolchildren to high government officials, from peasants to scientists, from soldiers to monks. In chapter after chapter, through the superb reporting for which he has long been distinguished, he forces and excites the reader to remember that these are human beings—with human feelings, aspirations, virtues and frailties—no matter what one thinks of the government. And he conveys with persuasiveness the notion that many of these human beings think highly of that regime—no matter, again, what you or I feel about it.

Edgar Snow knows, and clearly states in this book, that he is writing about a land "where a dictatorial government quite frankly decides what is good for people to know and what is not, and where reporters shall go and not go." He knows that he did not see everything and that he is not qualified to judge everything. But Edgar Snow also wears his heart on his sleeve. He does not approve of all the government does, but he likes the people of China—not only the new faces he meets, but also his own friends, from Mao and Chou En-lai to the grown-up "little devil." He wants the reader to like them, too.

What Edgar Snow has produced is very nearly an encyclopedia of firsthand impressions gathered in the course of five months and many thousands of miles of travel over the face of China. The chapters discuss in detail a wide variety of subjects—food and population, industry, agriculture, education, communes, the Great Leap Forward, Tibet, the modernization of Sinkiang, the Sino-Soviet dispute and more other matters than can be listed in limited space.

Undoubtedly, there is another side of the story which is barely touched upon by Snow. This would emerge from the experiences of those who have suffered most at the hands of the Communists, and it would include also an assessment of the prices which the regime has felt itself obliged to pay in its struggle for modernization. This "other side" the Westerner must evaluate as best he can from the tales of refugees and by piecing together whatever information can be gleaned elsewhere — from Mainland newspapers, journals and other sources which are frequently more revealing than one might expect. Edgar Snow could have strengthened his presentation by including some of this data.

The Other Side of the River is at its best when it is telling about the people Snow met and interviewed—any and all of them. He is a master at reaching his subjects, drawing them out and somehow bringing them face to face with the reader. The book is somewhat less effective when the author pleads for his friends, as he frequently cannot keep himself from doing. They speak for themselves more forcibly, however, no matter what the reader feels about what they stand for. And Snow is at his worst when he tries to justify or excuse Chinese Communist evils by balancing them off against American evils.

In a chapter entitled "Security" he notes that the Ministry of Public Security maintains professional police offices at every administrative level down to the village—and also "people's security committees" led by cadres in every factory, production brigade, commune, government office and neighborhood or city block. "They maintain order, mediate disputes, and may even undertake local thought remolding of individuals." They also gather the census, keep records of each family, check on school attendance and public sanitation, oversee rationing and straighten out family quarrels. "Like the police, they pro-

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Robert C. North, a member of the Stanford University Political Science faculty, is the author of Moscow and Chinese Communists *and, with Ithiel de Sola Pool, of* Kuomintang and Chinese Communist Elites *(both Stanford University Press).*

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After the Ball

The magic dance
of the second ave ladies,

in the artificial glare
of the world, silver-green curls sparkle
and the ladies' arms jingle
with new Fall pesos, sewn on grim bracelets
the poet's mother-in-law thinks are swell.

So much for America, let it sweep in grand style up the avenues of its failure. Let it promenade smartly beneath the marquees of its despair.

Bells swing lazily in New Mexico ghost towns. Where the wind celebrates afternoon, and left over haunts stir a little out of vague instinct,

hanging their messy sheets
in slow motion against the intrepid dust
or the silence
which they cannot scare.

Le Roi Jones

vide social services combined with local supervision."

He goes on to record how crime has been stamped out. "Thieves and pickpockets were formerly as common in Chinese cities as in America today." A friend in New York City had a hi-fi set and typewriter stolen from his apartment in broad daylight. In China such an incident would "shock a whole street into immediate action."

Snow then states that "Nowhere today are people more regimented, more disciplined, and more quickly brought to order by other citizens in instances of public misbehavior." The situation in New York is left looking shabby, which it may well be, but many Americans — and other people elsewhere — would rather run the risk of petty theft and even greater crimes, however deplorable, than live in a society where neighbor informs on neighbor and the same committeeman (or woman) keeps the census, oversees rationing, settles domestic quarrels and dabbles in thought remolding — all under the Ministry of Public Security. In public affairs, as in individual life, something is likely to be lost when something else is gained.

There is undoubtedly an inclination in this country to reduce Communist China to a gross caricature, but in correcting the picture there may be some virtue, also, in keeping precisely clear what it is we are re-evaluating. One need not extol the Kuomintang regime or expect Western-style democracy in China. There are historical, economic, sociological and psychological explanations for the course of events. But human freedom and social justice are vital issues of this century, and we ought to keep our concepts and definitions straight. Then whoever prefers or feels impelled to justify "people's security committees" will be clear what he is about—and we in the non-Communist world will be better able to judge just exactly where we stand.

Elsewhere in Snow's book the suggestion is made that not only China, but even the Western democracies, are ruled by "the few" rather than "the many."

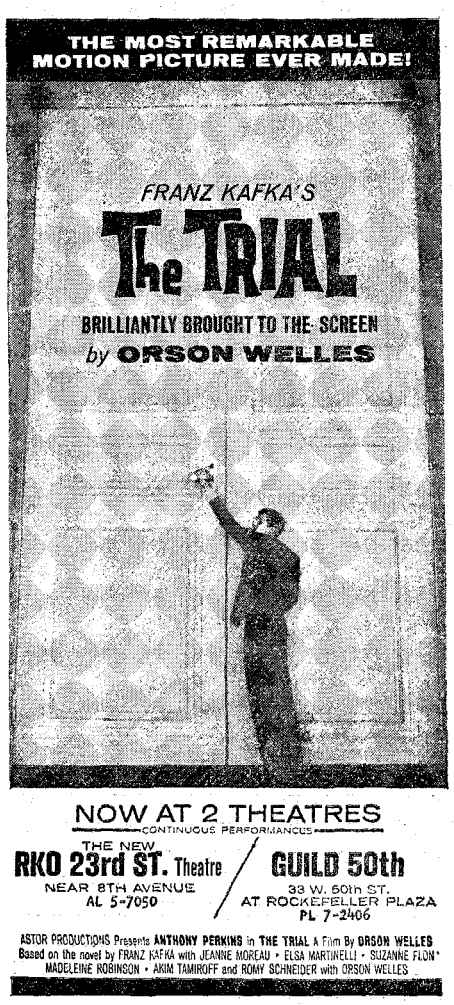
As the author points out, every country is ruled "by a few." The world would probably be in even worse chaos otherwise. But that is not the essential point, if the issue is to be argued (and Snow *does* argue it). The issue lies in the degree to which this "few" receives its mandate from the "many," the degree to which this "few" is limited from undue exercise of arbitrary power, and the degree to which less influential minorities are actively protected—*by the office-holding few*—both from the vast majority and also from "the few" themselves.

Recently, despite our many grievous inadequacies, the top office-holding "few" in Washington put the whole official prestige and a remarkable portion of the armed force of this country behind the entrance into a state university of a single Negro student who was being blocked by some of the local "few" and some of the local "many."

We in the Western democracies perpetrate our share of injustices, but when we do, it is because we are misusing our system—and not because democracy demands their perpetration. In a system based upon the assumption of inevitable and unavoidable class warfare the picture is inescapably different.

These points would not be worth belaboring in a book about China if they did not raise serious questions concerning the author's analysis of the regime itself. After the world's experiences with Mussolini's Italy, Hitler's Germany and Stalin's Russia, there should be no more doubt that superb organization, improved sanitation, spectacular work efficiency, the ability to make trains run on time (or abolish flies), the building of schools, the marshaling of mass projects and even the stimulation of mass enthusiasm do not necessarily equal either political or social justice.

Edgar Snow has written a powerful and engrossing book. With more discrimination and restraint and self-disciplined analysis he might have written a great one. Few men of our time have had a better background or an equal opportunity for producing a truly magnificent work.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Poetry of Three Women

HELEN IN EGYPT. By H. D. Introduction by Horace Gregory. Grove Press. 315 pp. $5.

WATERLILY FIRE (Poems 1935-1962). By Muriel Rukeyser. The Macmillan Co. 200 pp. $5.

ALL MY PRETTY ONES. By Anne Sexton. Houghton Mifflin Co. 68 pp. $3.

May Swenson

Helen in Egypt is the final achievement of Hilda Doolittle, who died shortly after its publication in her seventy-fifth year. It is a lyric narrative that runs to more than 300 pages, a poetic effort of a kind almost extinct in our century. It is something of a miracle that H. D. succeeded in hatching new eggs in the old, tangled, much-used nest of Grecian myth. She has done it here partly by invention, partly by a personal intensity so charged as to cast a spell; but essentially it is her style that authenticates and vivifies the poem, keeping its intricate transformations free of obscurity or strain. The poem is as easy to read as breathing; it could be danced, it could be sung, the clarity of image is so perfect, the euphony so pure. A classical symmetry is provided by the use of the three-line stanzas, while, within their open rhyme and varied rhythm scheme, a modern flexibility of speech is allowed. The result is incisive simplicity, but tremendous suggestiveness and magnetic force radiate from the scenes invoked and their symbolic details.

H.D., born in Bethlehem, Pa., and associated with the early Imagist movement, spent most of her writing life abroad where she steeped herself in things Greek and Egyptian. In *Helen in Egypt* she has created a rich palimpsest combining the figures of Helen and Isis, Achilles and Osiris, and many others. She presents at once a fusion and a contrast of the metaphysical and psychological notions behind their legends. Suppose that Helen, trophy and instigator of the Trojan War, was an illusion, a phantom the warriors saw walking upon the walls? Suppose the real Helen had been "translated" to Egypt (the underworld)? There is a hint of this idea, H.D. tells us, in the writings of Stesichorus of Sicily as early as 600 B.C., and later in a Pallinode by Euripides. Then, suppose Achilles with the arrow of Paris in his heel, was shipwrecked on the shore of the Nile (Styx) to be encountered there by Helen? H.D. has woven a "new Euphorian" — a new myth. There is tension and suspense in the narrative. For most of the book her purpose seems to be a strenuous attempt at reconciliation of opposites: "the lyre and the sword" — "the slave and the queen" — "La Mort, L'Amour." The male principle (fortress, tower and throne) is pitted against the female principle (nature, love, "the infinite rhythm of the heart and of heaven"). But in the end she does not pick a winner in this contest — it is the contest itself that remains the necessary riddle; the very opposition of the poles keeps inner and outer universes in motion: "so the dart of Love/is the dart of Death,/and the secret is no secret." She leaves us with this primary equation.

H.D.'s verse has the balance, the amplitude and the clean outlines of a Greek temple. There is not a capital employed or an amphora placed without an eye to the effect of the main structure, so that, as she makes Helen say (Book 7 (4) *Leuké*):

. . . the Vision is not Protean,
it is actual, unwavering,
each station separate, each line drawn,

each pillar erect,
each porch level with the rocks,
and rock steps leading to a throne

or down to a pool, a mirror
and a reflection . . .
that is the star-way,

I will not be flung out
with wild wings,
I will bring the Hyperboreans to me,

I will encompass the infinite
in time, in the crystal,
in my thought here.

Something like an outline of the action, or of the author's thought process, is interpolated in prose between the verse sections. Other reviewers have felt this to be extraneous. It seemed to me an Ariadne's thread, for which I found myself grateful.

Muriel Rukeyser has published a large body of work since her first collection, *Theory of Flight*, appeared when she was only twenty-one. It immediately marked her as an innovator, thoroughly American, Whitman-like in method and scope. Characteristic of her poetry, of which we now have a survey in *Waterlily Fire* (Poems 1935-1962), is the big canvas, the broad stroke, love of primary color and primary emotion. Her method is the opposite of the designer's, her vision is never small, seldom introverted. Her consciousness of *others* around her, of being but one member of a great writhing body of humanity surging out of the past, filling the present, groping passionately toward the future, is a generating force in her work. She celebrates science as much as nature or the restless human heart. Lines from an early poem like "The Gyroscope": "Power electric-clean, gravitating outward at all points,/moving in savage fire, fusing all durable stuff/ but never itself being fused . . ." are echoed in Part II "The Island" of her final poem in this collection: "Hearing the sounds of building/the syllables of wrecking/A young girl watching/the man throwing red hot rivets/ coals in a bucket of change. . . ." Another main fulcrum of her work is psychological, even mystical (but it never departs from a physical, in fact, a sexual base), an exploration of being and becoming and then of re-becoming, growing out of her interest in Eastern philosophy as well as Western primitivism.

Waterlily Fire contains selections from eight former books, and a group of new poems all written in 1962. *U.S. 1* (1938) offers a sensuous and environment-conscious catalogue of Southern working people and their lives, reported with the instantaneous honesty of her camera eye; people are realized with the same all-embracing empathy to which we thrill in Whitman. *A Turning Wind* (1939) includes a group of life-sized portraits of her personal heroes and "saints": Gibbs, Ryder, Chapman, Ann Burlak, Ives. Others of these, she says in a note, are yet to be written; they will include the lives of Kathe Kollwitz and Bessie Smith. There is a section of ten *Elegies* (1938-1945) "dedicated not to death but to war and love."

Beginning with "Rotten Lake" she reveals, in the intersticies of apocalyptic scenes of world battle, her own soul-struggle: "the chaos, the web of the heart, this bleeding knot . . ."; "ether dreams, surrounded beasts, the aftertoll of fear . . ."; until, in the spilling of agonies, the created poems become a catharsis: "Now green, now burning, I made a way for peace" — "clear water and order and an end to dreams." Although her proclivity is for the large spontaneous

May Swenson's latest collection of verse, To Mix with Time, *is published this month by Scribner's.*

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canvas, Miss Rukeyser is also master of the self-contained lyric, and it is good to have a choice of these, for instance from the volumes *Beast in View* (1944), *The Green Wave* (1947) and *Body of Waking* (1958). There are vivid poems that leave a single hypnotic impression on the mind, such as "Eyes of Night Time," "Salamander," "Haying Before Storm." Among the new poems, "For a Mexican Painter" is another such flawless lyric, wizardlike in its craft.

Miss Rukeyser's final section contains, as a crown piece, the striking "Waterlily Fire" in five parts, which is about the burning of Monet's *Waterlilies* in the Museum of Modern Art fire of 1958; it is also about the author's life on Manhattan Island, and (astonishingly) also about a nuclear war protest demonstration in City Hall Park in April, 1961. Like Whitman, she sings, "Born of this river and this rock island, I relate/the changes . . . Whatever can come to a city can come to this city." There rises before us, without its being stated, a prophetic vision of what may be destroyed by uncontrolled "Fire striking its word among us" and at the same time, what can be brought to birth, if men can be "touched, awakened . . . touched and turned one by one into flame": a blossoming — of peace, love, art.

With her first book, published only about two years ago, Anne Sexton threw a startling light over the poetic horizon; discerning poets and critics picked up their telescopes and reported something very like a new planet. Her material was startling and it had been lived through, in her own person or through persons closely around her: mental breakdown, accident, death in war, abortion, suicide and "no special god to refer to." Her handling, in poetic form, of her own exposed and wounded psyche, seemed appalling, but courageous. With a technique apparently fully grown, she transposed her experiences out of their private realm and made them mesh with the instinctive knowledge we all carry of grief, guilt, compulsion, self-disintegration. But *To Bedlam and Part Way Back*, though shocking as a laparotomy, was an achievement not on the score of its subject matter, but because of its poetic mastery.

This is also true of Anne Sexton's second book, *All My Pretty Ones*, which continues to probe other parts of the same psychological terrain. Her method is as uninhibited as entries in a diary or letter writing (in fact several of the poems have "letters" as part of their titles or are addressed to specific persons); the diction seems effortless, yet when we examine for form we find it solidly there, and its expertness is a pleasurable thing in contrast to the often mercilous *débridement* taking place in the content:

Concerning your letter in which you ask
me to call a priest and in which you ask
me to wear The Cross that you enclose;
your own cross,
your dog-bitten cross,
no larger than a thumb,
small and wooden, no thorns, this rose—

I pray to its shadow,
that gray place
where it lies on your letter . . . deep, deep.
I detest my sins and I try to believe
in The Cross. I touch its tender hips, its dark jawed face,
its solid neck, its brown sleep.

True. There is
a beautiful Jesus.
He is frozen to his bones like a chunk of beef.
How desperately he wanted to pull his arms in!
How desperately I touch his vertical and horizontal axes!
But I can't. Need is not quite belief . . .

This poem, "With Mercy for the Greedy," states in the last stanza Mrs. Sexton's impelling impulse behind all her poetry so far: "My friend, my friend, I was born / doing reference work in sin, and born / confessing it. This is what poems are. . . ."

The confessional element, as well as her kind of dexterity, reminds me a good deal of Robert Lowell; she is as savage with herself, as entangled with her New England background, as he. Her new book, however, seems less Lowell-like in its rhythms and pattern schemes than the first, while retaining her stance of the open soul. She says scathing things about her own sex in such poems as "Housewife" and "Woman With Girdle." And in "In the Deep Museum" she conducts us through several kinds of hell and hallucination, which is not to say that she deliberately deals in horror; these true and terrible poems are potential snapshots of any of our lives these days. In the midst of neurotic sadness are charming instances of humor and fantasy: "A Canada goose rides up, / spread out like a gray suede shirt, / honking his nose into the March wind." "Some ghosts are children./Not angels, but ghosts; / curling like pink tea cups / on any pillow, or kicking, / showing their innocent bottoms, wailing / for Lucifer." "The fish are naked. / The fish are always awake. / They are the color of old spoons / and caramels." "Over my right shoulder / I see four nuns / who sit like a bridge club, / their faces poked out / from under their habits, / as good as good babies

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who / have sunk into their carriages."

It seems to me that with the beginning poem in *All My Pretty Ones*, called "The Truth the Dead Know" (dedicated to her parents), Mrs. Sexton is perhaps laying away her past, to which she has written these remarkable epitaphs, and striding into a sunlight earned through grief. The form of this poem is bare and pure, musical and not tortured. It is a revelatory and healing poem, and quite different in tone from anything else in the book.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

Reviewers and others have recently complained about the verbal indecencies which have become almost as prevalent on our stage this season as they are on our streets and in our homes. There is great clamor about "bad taste."

My feeling is that idiomatic obscenity too easily becomes stereotyped and monotonous. It is also rather effeminate: on one occasion I had to remind certain ladies who indulged in such talk that there were gentlemen present. I have of late lectured in so many colleges that under the students' influence I have begun to succumb to the same sort of bad habit.

In 1910 Clyde Fitch posthumously startled New York by having a character say "Damn" in a play called *The City*. In 1922, a young man sitting behind me at a performance of O'Neill's *The Hairy Ape* murmured, as he heard Yank call someone a "bastard," "Gee, I'm glad I didn't bring my girl to see this show." When in 1924, a character off-stage shouted "Son of a bitch!" in Anderson and Stallings' *What Price Glory?* the town was agog. O'Neill's *Desire Under the Elms*—also in 1924—was very nearly closed by the police because a character said something about "doing it" in reference to sexual intercourse. But in 1928, when the bold off-stage epithet of *What Price Glory?* was heard in the curtain line of *The Front Page*, the audience guffawed.

So we have deteriorated to the point where there are almost as many offensive expletives in our plays today as there are in the Elizabethan playwrights and in Aristophanes. Hollywood, that citadel of moral purpose, is alarmed.

I do not propose to defend the offenders. The naturalism of common speech in the theatre usually ends by becoming as commonplace as it is facile, and soon loses both its shock and expressive value. If frankness or Rabelaisian bravura are desired, there are many more colorful, witty or savage ways of achieving them than by employing terms which are routine among G.I.s, jockeys and traveling salesmen.

What I find peculiar in the hue and cry about foulmouthedness in several recent plays is that no one appears aware that cutting the improper speeches would not make any appreciable difference in the quality of these plays. Such faults as there may be in *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* or in *Natural Affection* would not be remedied by scissor censorship. Other plays, innocuous in diction, which I see every season, display traits of taste and morals that trouble me much more than the language delinquencies in the new plays: the words, after all, are usually only reportorial, though occasionally funny, and I suffer a dirty word more easily than a slack thought.

In this connection I must note that in an earlier version of *Natural Affection* there were fewer "blue" sallies than there are in the present production. I am not sure why this is so, but possibly its English director encouraged the author to further toughness. My conjecture is not invidious since the English just now are going in for the utmost abandon of expression. It is part of the liberation from their traditional decorum, a youthful revolt against the remainders of Victorianism, another slap at the so-called Establishment.

This is historically understandable. After the Puritan suppression of the theatre, the Restoration dramatists reveled in lewdness. The new explosion of smut may be a symptom of outrage at the hypocrisies of our civilization. (There ought perhaps to be more outrage—more powerfully, pointedly and usefully voiced.) Our motto today might be "Sticks and stones may break my bones but words which reek won't harm me."

No fear of such offense in *The Typists* and *The Tiger* at the Orpheum Theatre. These two one-acters bring to our attention a promising new playwright, Murray Shisgal. Though American, Mr. Shisgal's plays were first produced in London in 1959, as Edward Albee's early one-act plays were first produced in Berlin.

Mr. Shisgal manifests an original talent. His writing lacks distinction and his design still wants concision. But he has humor, and he has found a way of saying certain things, bitter or painful in other dramatists, which in *The Tiger* and *The Typists* are presented with a quizzical playfulness that is wholly engaging.

Mr. Shisgal's theme is by now the universal one of loneliness and alienation. In *The Tiger* we are introduced to a fierce-looking fellow (resembling the villainous Orientals of the old silent movies) who turns out to be a letter carrier. Driven to mad eccentricity by his isolation in a shabby basement, without the chance to cultivate his innocent but active mind, he waylays a young woman, ties her up with cord and carries her off to his lair as if to rape her.

I shall not recount the rest — it might spoil the sport if I did — except to say that the young woman, a nice middle-class wife, turns out to be as squelched in her settled life as is her hapless kidnaper. Both are in comically desperate need to talk to someone, to exchange intimacies, to be humanly helpful. They come to an understanding. It is a darling little play.

The "gimmick" — if you wish to call it that — in the second and longer of the two plays, *The Typists*, consists in showing us a man and a woman, typists in a mercantile office, as though their lifetime were compressed

The Winter That Kills

(from the Italian of Alfredo de Palchi)

Snowdrifts over the now
shapeless town: a blotched and
cadaverous
arch, the black
sidewalks, wheels in a dead sleep,
gas fumes hung in the air and
muddy salt grains
the business of starved beaks.
Snow
swarms in, hardens the fallen
halo of feathers
jerked off in a hopeful flight,
the cold hooks my hands
— one by one
animals lie glazed by a
spread sorrow, a blindness
that strangles, and the barbed wind
out of the north (is this
god) that profanes
my mates,
plumes and hides
cracking.

Sonia Raiziss

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into a single day. The man is married and has two children; it is the woman in this instance who is the "bachelor." They are both ordinary people with society's stamp of lackluster mediocrity on them. All their attitudes are predictable; yet they are brimming with those sympathetic needs common to us all. Alternately they thrash about in barely articulate connection and friction, trying to make a true contact which is never arrived at except through their mutual imprisonment and the sharing of parallel frustrations. As the "day" (or play) proceeds we see them age.

He enters the office with boyish bounce, while she at her machine is still compact and fresh. When they leave he is grim with the waste of time and she, without fiber, as rumpled and gray as an old newspaper. But the play has no expressionistic stress; it is obliquely sad with a suppressed tenderness.

Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson, very happily cast, are excellent in both plays. No one renders the expostulatory vehemence of the aggravated common man with more sweetness than Eli Wallach. Anne Jackson has a shrewd cuteness in the first play, and though she puts on the accent of the uneducated New York white-collar worker with perhaps a shade too much deliberateness, her concluding moments as the blood-drained office slave are astonishingly right and almost frightening.

ART

Hilton Kramer

Because of its predominantly conceptual nature, the painting of the past fifty years abounds in a kind of art that makes its claim primarily—often, indeed, exclusively — by means of ideas rather than by the quality or felicity of its visual realization. Artists of undisguised ineptitude have sometimes been able to win a place for themselves in our histories (and more importantly, perhaps, in our museums) simply as representatives of an "idea" that may be atrociously realized in their work but that is considered none the less important because of the place it occupies, chronologically and intellectually, in the historical development of modernist innovations.

Kupka, I suppose, is the outstanding example of a twentieth-century painter who has "made it," historically, by virtue of his early contributions to abstract art, but whose actual pictures are real aesthetic horrors, even by the ambiguous standards of modern criticism. Vasily Kandinsky (1866-1944) is a far more important and accomplished painter than Kupka, and yet the enormous exhibition of his work that currently fills the Guggenheim Museum reminds us of the extent to which even his exalted place in the modern canon is based upon considerations having little or nothing to do with the quality of his individual pictures. One is thus obliged to go through this exhibition as if it were two exhibitions: one of paintings, graphics and water colors executed with varying success over a span of forty-two years; and then another, consisting of the visual morphology of certain pictorial conceptions that have profoundly altered the course of visual art in this century, but the validity of which has almost nothing to do with the quality of their realization in Kandinsky's hands. It is astonishing to see how seldom the salient points of interest in the first have any relation to the historic developments in the second.

Kandinsky began painting fairly late. He was thirty when he turned his back on a career in the law, left his native Russia and took up the study of art in Munich. His imagination had already been stirred by Monet, whose *Haystacks* he had seen at an exhibition of French painting in Moscow, and he was deeply absorbed in the music of Wagner. (Later on, his own ideas were to become an important influence on Schönberg, who participated with Kandinsky and Marc in the *Blaue Reiter* exhibitions of 1911-12.) From 1902, the date of the earliest painting in the Guggenheim show, to the formation of the *Blaue Reiter* a decade later, Kandinsky's art passed through three distinct, though overlapping, phases: an absorption in Art Nouveau, which in Kandinsky's case meant a delicate, small-scale, jewellike depiction of medieval themes and Russian legend; a dazzlingly fresh, limpid, Post-Impressionist landscape style; and the development of the latter into a more intense and more subjective Expressionist mode still firmly based on the rendering of landscape images.

The series of "Improvisations" and "Compositions" that Kandinsky initiated in 1909-10, and that formed the basis for his contribution to the *Blaue Reiter*, began as an effort to achieve a synthesis of Art Nouveau fantasy with the freer Expressionist style of his landscape art. The "Blue Rider" motif itself was a holdover from his lexicon of Art Nouveau themes. But Kandinsky's interest in fantasy and legend had begun to be superceded by spiritual and metaphysical preoccupations. He was deeply immersed in the tenets of theosophy, and the writing of his treatise, *On the Spiritual in Art* (finished in 1910, and published in 1912), clearly presaged the direction his art would shortly take. All elements of fantasy were dissolved into "spiritual"—which is to say, abstract —equivalents; the physical character

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of the landscape that had theretofore functioned as a formal armature for Kandinsky's Expressionist style was likewise dissolved into a metaphysical equivalent—a pure country of the mind. Thus, what had started as a synthesis of fantastic and earthly imagery—or in terms of style, as a synthesis of Art Nouveau and Expressionism—turned into the creation of Abstract Expressionism. By 1912-13, all representational elements were suppressed, and a half-century of modern abstract art was upon us.

Looking over the many examples of Kandinsky's early abstract painting in the Guggenheim show, what strikes me as most notable at this juncture is the degree to which the quality of his painting declines as the size and complexity of the pictures increase. Kandinsky always had difficulty with large pictures, and as soon as his ideas compelled him to invent forms *ex nihilo* rather than depend upon observed experience or literary precedent, he seemed to lose control over the oil medium. The Guggenheim show is crowded with clumsy painting just barely rescued from total incoherence by sheer will. This does not, I hasten to add, discredit Kandinsky's ideas as such, but it does tell us something important about his talent. Kandinsky's gifts as an abstract painter were never equal to his ideas; it was left for others to develop the latter to their full potentiality.

By and large, Kandinsky is a better artist in his water colors and graphics than in oil painting. This is as true of his later, quasi-geometrical tight style as it is of early Abstract Expressionist works. In the small format of the water color and the woodcut, Kandinsky found it possible to exercise a degree of control over transparencies of color and precision of line that he rarely attained in his nonobjective oil paintings. (The best of his late oils all look like hand-tinted graphics.) Comparing an enormous painting like *Composition VII* (1913), borrowed from the Tretiakov Gallery in Moscow for this show and clearly representing a summation of everything Kandinsky aspired to at the time, to Gorky's *The Liver Is the Cock's Comb* (1944), currently hanging in the Museum of Modern Art, the Gorky seems to me superior in every respect—and this, despite the fact that Gorky's picture is literally unthinkable without Kandinsky as a source.

But of course Kandinsky did come first. His claim to history, if not to first-class painting, is unassailable, and the exhibition that Thomas M. Messer, the director of the Guggenheim, has assembled—ninety-six paintings, thirty-four water colors and a small selection of graphics—is designed to show us this historical figure in all his vicissitudes. But to the degree that the historical Kandinsky has been successfully illuminated in this mammoth exhibition, the other Kandinsky—the cautious and delightful painter of magnificent minor landscapes in the decade preceding the *Blaue Reiter*, who is represented at the Guggenheim by only one work of real excellence: *Beach Baskets in Holland* (1904)—that Kandinsky has been all but jettisoned from view. History's gain has been painting's loss. In this respect, as in others, Kandinsky may indeed be regarded as a pioneer.

(*Continued from page 161*)

ratified by the Executive Board. One purpose of this is to coordinate the two units, *Press* and *Plain Dealer*."

Seltzer found this unconvincing, said so and said no more.

Wical fielded questions from dissidents in the *Press* unit of the Guild, such as "What use is there for me, whose vote is ignored even when part of a majority, in going to meetings?" and "How long are you going to keep us out?" A *Press* lady reporter asked Wical whether it was true, as somebody had told her, that he expected to become an official in the Guild and leave his job at the *Press*.

Wical said, "I intend to go back to the *Press* and work, I hope, right back in my old place on the copy desk." (Applause.)

Asked his prediction (laughter), Seltzer said, "That's one thing about which, at this time, I make no comment." (Applause, jeers.)

Next day, the Guild added Wical's job at the *Press* to the top of the list of minimal contract items to be agreed on before Guildsmen go back to work. In the settlement finally accepted by the *Press* unit last week, Mr. Wical was assured his job, but the Guild lost its claim to all future employees of the commercial department. It did, however, win substantial increases in minimums; and what irks many Guild members particularly is that the non-member commercial employees won the same pay benefits.

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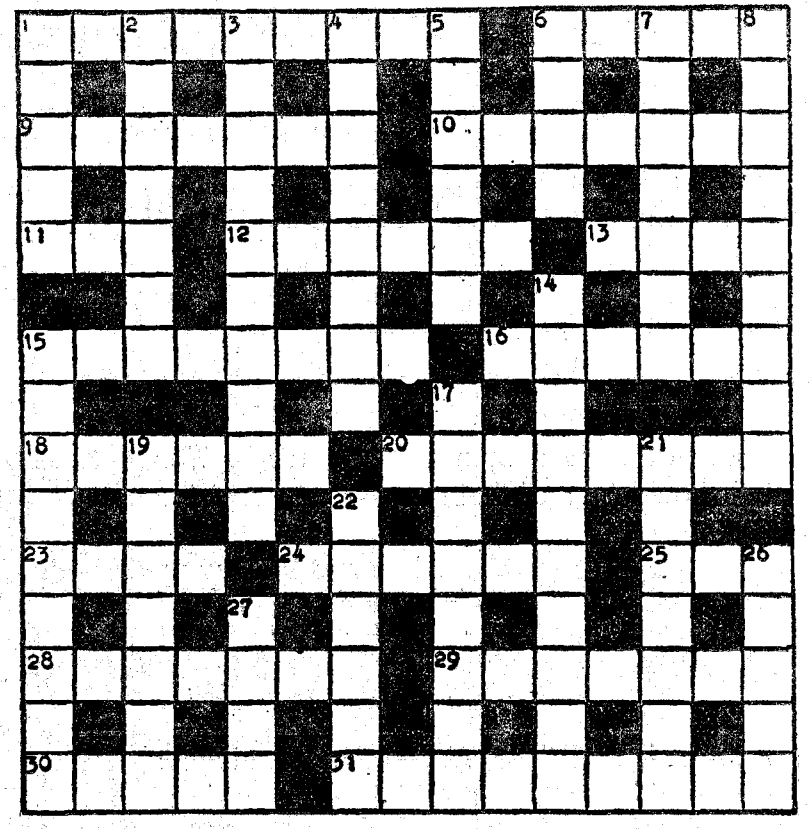
Crossword Puzzle No. 999

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Time on your hands — or part thereof. (They offer food and shelter.) (4, 5)
9 A tricky fellow who coins a cheerful expression about the kindling. (7)
10, 30 and 18 across How to punish one who might rap too exuberantly? (6, 1, 5, 6)
11, 12 and 13 What you might attain if you do the above, though it suggests a combination of the valuable and the cheap. (3, 6, 4)
15 House constructed like some gingerbread, perhaps. (4, 4)
16 Sounds like a chap likely to have proper connections with a big wheel! (6)
20 Saffron and tea, by the sound of it — though no sympathy implied! (8)
23 and 6 across Obviously local craft — usually laid out regularly. (9)
24 Type of foot and mouth disease? You might 1 down. (6)
25 Father's obviously in step! (3)
28 The wind was one of darkness in the "Highwayman." (7)
29 If feuds break out this way, such things might easily spread. (7)
31 It might be a scoop for the building trade. (9)

DOWN:

1 One might look like a circle, but the square doesn't. (5)
2 and 17 Does this horrify the antiseptic-minded? (3, 4, 2, 2, 4)
3 Young description? (Would Mrs. Malaprop have considered the opposite monotonous?) (10)
4 She might divide her estate into quarters. (8)
5 How many feet does a variety of tsetse have? Plenty! (6)
6 Irrational, and to a degree ridiculous! (4)
7 What to do before using the printing mechanism? (7)
8 and 26 It should have made a perfect escutcheon! (9,5)
14 Change of habit might be automatic nowadays. (10)
15 Behave like a sewer on the border, according to Chet Smith.
19 Foster's was waiting for thee with the starlight. (7)
21 He gets to write up what might be heard on the radio. (7)
22 Sounds as though Noah must have had at least one parasite along in the ocean. (6)
27 The houses that seem asleep in Wordsworth's "Lines Composed Upon Westminster Bridge." (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 998

ACROSS: 1 Witchcraft; 6 Mayo; 10 Leeward; 11 Insurer; 12 Imam; 13 Meandering; 15 Mohawks; 16 Dissect; 17 Faustus; 20 Avocado; 22 Ranch house; 23 Dips; 25 Nominal; 26 Leeside; 27 Ends; 28 Undersigns. DOWN: 1 William of Orange; 2 and 8 The path of righteousness; 3 and 24 Heathens; 4 Redeems; 5 Feigned; 7 Air line; 9 Aspersion; 14 Switching; 18 Unnamed; 19 Swollen; 20 Absolve; 21 Arising.

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